



THE POET'S MAGAZINE.

April, 1878.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

CHAPTER II.

"The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-Dale !"

Walter Scott.

"My last day at Ulverston—my last day with Muriel"—so thought Harold Averyl as, about a week after the events narrated in the previous chapter, he once more closed the door of his uncle's home behind him and strode away rapidly in the direction of "The Woodlands."

ACCEPTED WITH THANKS.

"Undine," Goethe," "The Cross on the Mountain."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"Alice Grey," "Caught in the Meshes," "Twin Roses," "Charity," "An Irish Love Affair," "To Constance," "A National Song," "The Perils of Vanity," "Friendship."

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"My last day at Ulverston—my last day with Muriel"—so thought Harold Averyl as, about a week after the events narrated in the previous chapter, he once more closed the door of his uncle's home behind him and strode away rapidly in the direction of "The Woodlands."

The past week had been a trying one for the young lovers—so trying, indeed, that the passionate eagerness of “love’s young dream” had become mingled with the bitterness of disappointment, with the chilling uncertainty of what the coming time might bring them, of what Fate, which seemed so cruel to their loves, had garnered in her storehouse of years, for their delight or their discontentment.

The same evening that Harold had revealed the passion which burned in his heart for the young heiress, and had met with so simple, yet withal so conclusive, an answer to his suit from her lips, he had sought the haughty master of “The Woodlands,” and asked permission to woo the daughter of the house, and ultimately, when Fortune should have laid some of her choicest favors at his feet, to claim her hand. This petition, however, had been met, as he had half feared that it would be, by an indignant and irrevocable refusal, accompanied by a prohibition from the incensed father for the “beggarly upstart” (as he termed him in not very polite or gentlemanly phraseology) “ever to enter his doors again.” Nor was this all—for, to add to the troubles and difficulties which environed him, Harold found, on his return to the house which had been his home from earliest boyhood, that George had persuaded his idolizing parents to insist upon the departure of his rival-cousin from Ulverston, and had even prevailed upon the doting father to refuse to contribute to his subsistence. Thus it came to pass that the young man was forced to prepare for a fierce battle with the world—a struggle for the mere necessities of life, in which he would not even be enabled to secure the occasional relief and consolation of the presence of his young love, his affianced wife.

And Muriel?—Poor child—when the keen ears of love caught the echo of her approaching footsteps as she hastened across the meadows to meet him, Harold, looking up with eager expectancy that he might search the face which was the world’s fairest for him, and read the soul which is ever clearly reflected in the eyes of a pure-minded and pure-hearted woman, could not help noticing how pale and ill she appeared, and how startled and pathetic a look was in her eyes.

"Muriel!"

"Harold!"

What a world of meaning there lurks in the simple utterance of the beloved name, that dear name which contains all our earthly hopes and dreams, in which the love and the light of our lives is wrapt and concentrated as the kernel in its shell, as the germ of a mighty oak in the tiny acorn, hidden so securely beneath the sheltering sods.

"What time do you leave for London Harold?"

"By the last train this evening dear. But, Muriel, you have been fretting all the pretty roses from your cheeks because of his parting; and yet you know it will not be for long, it cannot be when I have such a hope as this to help me forward, such a goal before me when I shall have run the race for wealth. Thank God you are of age, so that you can give yourself to whom you will!"

"My father will never relent," said the young girl sadly, "He says that I have to choose between him and you, and that, choosing you, he has no wish to see my face again."

"And are you sure, little love," enquired her lover, "that you can relinquish your inheritance thus willingly? Did you quite understand your father's meaning when he said that 'should you consent to become my wife you would be an heiress no longer?'"

"Yes, Harold, I understood," she replied. "And did *you* realize that I shall have nothing to bring you but myself?"

"I wish for nothing more," rejoined the young man gravely, as he placed one arm around her and looked fondly into her face—"The world could not give me a greater blessing, nor one which shall be more tenderly guarded from all approach of evil, from all tainting and embittering touch of sorrow."

"You have a friend in London, Harold?"

"Yes dear." There is an old schoolfellow who has offered to help me in my trouble—an only son, with an inheritance even larger than that which would have been yours had we never met. But you know, Muriel, I must not be dependent upon any one now, as I have a home to make for you."

"You have lost your home for my sake," she said, sighing as she remembered how but for her he would have no need to leave Ulverston, to seek his fortune in the great world.

"Nay," replied her lover, "the sacrifice is all on your side Muriel; and sometimes I have even thought that it is not right to allow you to give up your fortune for love of me."

"But of what use," she asked simply, "would money be to me if you could not share it. Oh Harold," continued the wistful voice earnestly, "you will not speak of giving me up now dear? for indeed I could not live without you! You will not let this parting be a parting with all love and hope for the future, through any mistaken idea of ministering to my good? For of what account are lands or gold when weighed in the balances against love such as ours?"

"Muriel," rejoined the young man firmly, "you have no cause to doubt me thus, since no hand save that of Death shall have power to really part us, to loose the links of love which, notwithstanding the many miles of land or sea which may be between us, shall ever bind our spirits together closely, in God's sight as one."

Talking thus the young couple wandered on across the meadows, beside rippling brooks, and through tiny copses where hazel-nuts hung temptingly within their reach, and rustling leaves whispered and nodded to one another as they passed, while a wilderness of many coloured wildlings looked up from the grass at their feet or out from sheltering nooks and coverts among the bushes and hedgerows—then, further still, into the solemn sight and sound of the mighty waste of waters, which reminds the wanderer, more than aught else earthly, of omnipresence and omnipotence.

High overhead a lark was "singing at heaven's gate"—mingling its "thrill delight" with the voices of a party of visitors, who were idly rowing along the coast, and keeping time to the pulses of a merry boat-song, which was wafted upon the wings of the breeze, and echoed through the caverns of the rugged cliffs—reminding the listeners of the strains of delicious melody which often haunt a poet in his dreams, or a good man

lying half-unconscious with Death's fatal shaft deep buried in his breast, and his heart-beats waxing fainter and weaker with each fleeting moment of life, each gasping long drawn breath.

It was a fair scene, truly, upon which to feast the eyes of lover or of poet, or (to unite in one phrase two states which are inseparable) to gladden the sight and sense of the *poet-lover*. For Love and Poesy are nigh of kin—twin sisters, mysteriously conceived of the Unseen, and born and nurtured of Divinity; clinging to one another and each dependent upon the other, so that without love there were no poetry, and without poetry love were but a mockery, a shadow without the forming substance, unromantic, unreal, unloveable; while, on the other hand, the union of these two, the young god of love with the maiden muse of poetry, heralds the perfection and completeness of the mortal state; and as the appearance of the glorious day-king on his cloud drawn chariot dispels the bold demons of darkness from our land, so does this marriage of the strongest passions and susceptibilities of humanity disperse the thick films of mental disease and darkness which gather round the unpalatable, the merely practical routine of daily life.

"You will often come here while I am away, Muriel?" said Harold at last, interrupting the silence which had fallen between them, the silence of mutual love and contentment which is far more eloquent than the most passionate torrent of words. "You will come here very often during this summer-tide; and the familiar scene will remind you of how I am toiling for your sake in the far city, and of the promise you have given me that you will wait patiently until I can return and claim you for my bride."

"Yes—I shall come here that I may be quite alone to think of you," she replied softly, as resting her head confidently upon his shoulder she watched, with absent eyes, the little boat with its noisy occupants languidly rounding the bay, until it was lost to sight behind the bold frontage of white cliffs which jutted far out into the water. "And you, Harold?" she continued presently, "you will sometimes think of me, and the happy days that we have spent here together?"

"The thought of you will mingle with my every word and action, Muriel," rejoined the young man tenderly, as they turned to retrace their steps to the village. "But we must hasten, little love!" he exclaimed, suddenly noticing how the first subtle shadow of the coming darkness was stealing about the dense foliage in the distance, "we must hasten on, or the train will start and leave me houseless; for I had rather rest out here in the meadows 'neath the star-light than spend another night under the shelter of my uncle's roof, an occupant of a house in which I am no longer a welcome guest."

So once again, together, they traversed the fields and the woodland pathways which had been so full of life, and light, and beauty, only a few brief hours before; but now no flow'rets lifted their drooped heads at sound of their turf-stifled foot-fall, while the hushed Zephyrs refused to wake the silent foliage which erst had waved and whispered them a welcome—it seemed, indeed, as though a sadness had fallen upon nature, the symbol and the reflection of that which filled their own hearts.

What need is there to dwell upon the bitterness of their parting—the last lingering embrace—the last faltered good-bye—the sobs which broke from Muriel's lips, and the quick throbbing of Harold's heart as he strained her closer to him whispering wild words of love, and hope, and comfort. Alas! there is little need to fill in the details of such separations, since there are but few who have been beloved to whom they are not a stern reality, the recollection of which even now will awaken some of the heart pangs, and the love hunger which was experienced when the dear one was torn from their eager encircling arms by the relentless decrees of a cruel and fickle-hearted fatality.

* * * * *

The fair day had donned her sable robes of darkness and veiled her modest face in fleecy folded cloudlets, before Harold Averyl was fairly on his way to the station. Being but a tiny village Ulverston was not yet favoured with the presence of that

mighty giant of modern civilisation, a railroad, so that our hero had a long walk before him to the nearest market-town, the route lying partly along the high road and partly across the margin of the cliffs.

Striding along rapidly, his thoughts far away with Muriel, the first portion of the journey was speedily accomplished and the young man found himself, almost before he was aware, at the point where he must abandon the road for the cliffs. By this time, however, the winds, which had been gathering in strength for the last few hours, were threatening a hurricane, and appeared to have been let loose from all points of the compass by demons of wrath and malice, whose delight it is to strew perils in the path of the wayfarer. Being well acquainted with the rugged nature of the footpath, and its dangerous proximity to the steep precipice of cliff, Harold paused awhile, hesitating whether he would not rather risk losing the train than trust himself thus blindly to the mercy of the winds and darkness; till, deciding at length upon the safer expedient, he was once more turning to follow the road when he was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and the next moment the cheery familiar tones of his cousin's voice rang out clearly through the night-air, asking him to wait until he could come up with him.

"Hullo Harold!" exclaimed George Averyl as the rivals once again stood face to face, "I thought you would be for taking the footpath to-night, and knowing the danger, I came to see you safely through for the sake of our old friendship."

Somewhat surprised at his sudden appearance and offer of escort, Harold replied to his cousin's greeting calmly and coldly; and then the young men striking off together across the fields in the direction of the sea an embarrassing silence ensued.

"Look here Harold," cried his companion at last impatiently, "we may just as well part friends as foes you know! Besides 'All's fair in love or war,' and you can readily understand my anxiety to get the field cleared for myself under the circumstances."

"The field will be no clearer for you after I am gone,"

rejoined the other decisively. "Miss Eiloart is pledged to me, and she is far too pure and good to bestow a single thought upon any other."

"That assertion remains to be proved anyhow," sneered the elder man, and I, for one, do not believe there is any truth in the old proverb which says that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," at least not so far as woman is concerned, unless indeed it means fonder of the lover who remains to the complete mental annihilation of the enamoured youth who has departed. However, we shall soon see what Muriel will do when you are safely out of the way."

Enraged both at the tone and words, but specially at the free manner in which he was using the name of his betrothed, Harold Averyl turned suddenly, and, siezing the speaker by the shoulders, shook him as a bloodhound might his defenceless prey, and then pushing him from him strode on again alone, not deigning to bestow further notice upon his prostrate enemy.

Springing up quickly from the grass where he had fallen, and grinding his teeth at the thought of the indignity which he had suffered, George Averyl hastened after his cousin, and in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion, demanded immediate satisfaction ; while, at the same instant, the moon passing from the bosom of one cloudlet to another, distinctly revealed the outlines of Harold's form, and the marble stillness of his face, as he stood almost on the verge of the precipice—a sight which thrust a wild demoniacal thirst for vengeance into the heart of his cousin, a longing and a temptation which was too strong for his resistance,

It was but the work of a single instant—the thought and the act being almost simultaneous—for, as the queen of night veiled her face once more, leaving the world to the light of a few tiny star-sentinels, George Averyl struck his companion heavily in the chest, and then started back awe-stricken as, with a terrible cry the unfortunate man sank down into the gaping hollow, the horror of a great darkness stealing his senses and gathering them securely into the merciful arms of Oblivion.

(To be Continued)

BOAT SONG.

By the starlight on the billow,
When the ruffling breezes blow,
And the moon is on her pillow,
Through the foamy floods we go.
In our wake each hissing breaker
Lifts a curling crest on high
O'er our barque to overtake her,
But she laughs and passes by.

Bending to the stress of weather,
Onward still she leaps and flies,
Round her prow a fairy feather,
O'er her sail the lowering skies.
Like a steed, the bridle feeling,
Meets the shock when surges come;
Staggers forward blind and reeling,
With proud head and flying foam.

Oft when wafted waves were welling
Arran's cliffs our song have heard,
And, where silence holds her dwelling,
Echoed back each joyous word;
While the sun at dawning brightened
Looking down on the expanse,
Like a purple lake enlightened
By his mirrored countenance.

In the breath of evening breezes
From the sunset bringing dreams,
Each swift gust, the sail that seizes,
Making dark the ocean-streams;
By the beetling rocks o'er shaded,
Startling the lulled sea with song,
While the crimson splendour faded,
We have chased the hours along.

Silent ocean we have breasted,
 Passed with music o'er the deep,
 Cut the billows curled and crested,
 Cleared the surf with breathless leap;
 Oft in bleak black nights the measure
 Of our oars is heard from far:
 Danger wilder makes the pleasure
 For the souls that fearless are.

J. E. BARLAS.

ANTEROS.

They will not know hereafter,
 In the far forgetful years,
 That love was born in laughter,
 And only late learnt tears;
 For when the world's December,
 Is grey upon the wold,
 Oh! how should men remember
 That love was aught of old.

That love had made no measure
 Of the things his hands had wrought,
 And that there could be pleasure,
 Without the after thought.
 But the world is left to weeping,
 And the heart will soon grow cold;
 For the dear love-god is sleeping,
 With the other gods of old.

And Love will not awaken,
 Though many scream them hoarse,
 For his altars were forsaken
 In the day men learnt remorse—
 He was ever unrelenting,
 And a little overbold,
 But they had not learnt repenting
 When love was lord of old.

Yet some have caught the voices
He murmurs through his dreams,
And he who hears rejoices,
For his love is what it seems.
Yet I can but bemoan him,
And tell a tale oft told;
But I would that my love had known him,
When he reigned in the days of old.

RENNELL RODD.

FETTERS OF GOLD.

'Tis a glorious thing and a gladsome thing
To handle the reins of pow'r,
One moment tighten the curb, then fling
Them loose in a passionate hour.

Yet to feel that a movement, a touch can stay,
Can govern the wildest start—
My kingdom is small, but I hold the sway
O'er the love of a manly heart.

And I'm proud of my conquest as well I may be,
I who am only a maid,
But yesterday morning a child, now see
I rule who before have obey'd.

But should he rebel and in mutiny rise,
What then? Oh heart of mine own,
Wilt thou surrender thyself as his prize,
And yield him thy newly gain'd throne?

O Heart, in feign'd struggle thou'lt fluttering fly,
Free from his prisoning hold,
Wheel circling above him, then stoop from the sky,
Submitting to Fetters of Gold.

L. WALLEN.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

She gave me position and pride of place,
The wife that I wedded for gold;
And hearts that would win in the world's mad race,
In its mart must be bought and sold.

I ride by her side thro' the busy street,
In the carriage her wealth has bought—
But the constant echoes of countless feet,
The traces of battles hard fought,
On the world-worn faces of women and men,
The jostle of childhood and age,
Life tales mutely told to the poet's pen,
Seal to her their enchanted page,

I know that her care will never abate,
Should my holding on life wax frail,
I know that my bark with honour for freight
In calm waters will smoothly sail!
But union of hand is not union of soul,
Tho' our lives together must run,
As widely asunder as pole from pole
Are the twain that the church made one.

And swift before me there rises a face,
So beautiful, and radiant, and bright,
That I turn aside lest my wife should trace
The reflex of its vanished light.
And I think as my song soars free like the dove,
And I climb the ladder of fame,
How *she* would have led in her highsouled love
To a purer and nobler name.

But the past is past, I bury it deep,
With regrets that are only vain,
And a vision comes of a lifelong sleep,
At the end of a lifelong pain.

S. E. DISTIN.

A DREAM SONG.

Down on the sands where twilight waves are leaping
In tuneful glee;
Down on the shore while silver mists are creeping
Across the sea;
Down where the ripples run when winds are sleeping,
I think of thee!

Down on the rocks when morning braids her tresses
In amber caves,
And when the night breeze amorously presses
To kiss the waves,
Ay, from the dawn's first flush, till starbeams sever
Night-time and day,
Thy name falls from my lips—in sad tones ever,
For though I call thee dearest, thou wilt never
Come down this way!

Fair sunset hues upon low rock-reefs dying,
And outward waves around yon sand-bank sighing,
And shrill-voiced seagulls from the haven flying,
Return again;
But, in the narrow grave 'neath aspens lying,
Thou must remain!

Perchance in after-time, we both may wander
Through flowery fields and pleasant meadows yonder,
And by clear streams:
But now I live my life so drear and lonely,
And oft I see thee by my side—yet only
In fading dreams!

MARIE TREVELYAN.

A PICTURE.

'Tis a sweet face—
Too sweet to gaze on with indifference,
Having a nameless grace,
That doth appeal to Beauty's finer sense.

Yet I can read
No story in those calm and peaceful eyes,
Love's word, nor woman's deed,
No light that flickering awakes, and dies.

Tis a white page
Whereon no rude disturbing hand hath writ,
And ever all destroying age
Delays its' yellow touch—and spareth it.

And on thy brow
No cloud of trouble yet has held its sway;
And grief hath known till now
No tear, but love had power to kiss away.

Hid in thy smile
Are soft allurements of sweet innocence,
That knows no hurtful guile,
And is all purity and truth intense.

Sweet face farewell!
That which the years have brought I may not know,
Nor may I e'en foretell
Thy future heritage of love or woe.

EMMA SARA JEFFARES.

A BALLAD OF SLAIN SORROWS.

When sleep has shunned me in the night
I have looked out, and looked in vain,
For radiance of returning light;
And on the tearful window-pane,
Have heard the dismal splash of rain,—
Still I have sadly turned my head,
To seek for truant sleep again,
And dream that joy and hope were dead.

And when the sleepless sea was white
With foam, and o'er the desert main,
The petrels drifted scared with fright;
I oft have heard the cordage strain,
And with the wind make weird refrain,
So harsh, that, in unmanly dread
I have been tempted to complain,
And dream that joy and hope were dead.

Nay! I have seen a rosebud, bright
And innocent of any stain,
Which in an hour was bent by blight,
And in a little day has lain
All withered, with its beauty slain,
And black its petals once so red :—
Then have I gone with sorrowed brain
To dream that joy and hope were dead.

But morn has come, with sunbeams bright,
And when the wind has veered the vane,
A summer breeze has soothed my spite,
And kissed away my drear disdain;

See too, these scented jars contain
 The petals which the rose has shed !
 Have I the heart, while they remain,
 To dream that joy and hope are dead ?

L'ENVOI.

Lady ! my sadness took to flight,
 When thy soft smile in silence said,
 "These lips and eyes deny thy right
 To dream that joy and hope are dead."

W. LAIRD CLOWES.

FATE.

A hunter petted a tiger-whelp—
 Love for ever !
 Could brute, or human, the sequel help ?
 Live and love for a day !
 The tiger groweth in lust and limb,
 With a quenchless thirst at the heart of him,
 Love for ever !
 There's a moonlit hut and a crimson flood,
 And fangs look fearful bedabbled in blood—
 Live and love for a day !

ALFRED THOMPSON.

IN MEMORIAM—MDLLE. THERESE TIETYENS.

Those glorious strains no more ! Ah, can it be
 That she who swayed the human heart so long
 With the deep passion of divinest song,
 Has found the silence of eternity ?

O nightingale, that thro' the starry night,
Sendest the streams of melody and love,
Lament your silent sister, while you light
The listening soul with raptures of the grove!

With passion pure and radiant as thine,
She sang the songs sublime of life and death;
Let hope, that faileth not with failing breath,
Keep love, with golden hair and eyes divine.

With the fresh flowers of pity in her hand
She came like sunshine to the lowly bed,
Where life lay wasting for the silent land,
To sooth with sympathy the fevered head!

In light of gentleness she went her way,
While myriad tongues were shouting her renown,
Scorning weak pride's short-lived deceitful ray,
The queen of song,—humility her crown!

Like an immortal snowdrop o'er her tomb
Hangs sweet benevolence with pensive head;
While memory, by tenderest sorrow led,
Waters the flowers of love that o'er her bloom!

That mighty voice no more! Yet shall thy name
Make music in the regions of the mind;
The conqueror of heroes bind
In chains the glory of a deathless fame!

Thy spell was potent: never harp or lute
Poured purer raptures to the human heart;
Thy glorious gift made nature of thine art:
Now in a deeper voice that voice is mute!

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Who
More sweetly sang this high, seraphic strain?
And now, that great Redeemer in thy view,
Stand to declare thy faith was not in vain!

"Ah! Death in thee!" And shall thy voice no more
Rise like a fountain o'er the raptured ear?
Yea, for where God hath made all mystery clear
Thy holier strains shall glad th' Eternal shore!

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

THE DAWNING DAY.

List laden souls, hear from on high,
Those falling voices bear again
The burden of a silenced strain,
Glad tidings to humanity.

The wearied watchmen on the height,
At length with countenance aglow
Cry down to us who chafe below,
The cheerless children of the night.

"The day the day is drawing near,
Though darkness still pervade the vale,
On those who dare the uplands scale
Its growing radiance rises clear."

"Back birds and beast of evil fame
Who prowled and preyed the live-long night,
Well may ye dread the dawning light,
Back with the darkness whence ye came.

Lest priest-craft to the morn they bring,
Lest kindred soul devouring birds
Fly in the shade the dawn affords,
Nor linger on a laggard wing.

O day! that dawnest on our need,
To weary waiting souls afford
A glimpse of him our risen Lord,
The Christ they sepulchred in creed.

Bring with thee strength to bear the load,
The load of mediæval myths,
Twined round our souls—Delilah withes,
Which bind us from the Father God.

Disperse the clouds which dim the road—
The road from earth to smiling Heaven,
Unite the ties ourselves have riven,
Twixt God in man and man in God.

JAMES Y. GEDDES.

ATHALIE.

By B. WALKER.

PART II.

How beautiful! above the mountains breaks
Morn's rosy beams; flooding the world below,
Where every little twig, and blade of grass
Twinkles with star-like gems, opals, and pearls,
And flashing diamonds that the night hath strewn
Broadcast, while nature 'neath her soothing spell

Lay as in death-like slumber—Everywhere
There is a sense of freshness, and of life
Now reawakening ; daisies slow uplift
Their silvery eyelids, and in sapphire skies,
The lark exultant soars, his matin song
Rising and swelling thro' yon plains of light ;
The notes all heavenward tend, and few are those
(Dropt midway to delight the hearts of men),
Which reach the confines of these lower fields.

Far otherwise upon the quivering bough
Of a low drooping tree (whose golden flowers,
Swayed by the light winged zephyr to and fro,
Peep thro' Athalie's casement, scattering free
A shower of rosy opals o'er the sill),
A thrush full-voiced is singing—not the less
His song is one of thankfulness to Heaven,
Because much nearer earth he pours his lay
Of grateful joyancy, filling the woods
And meadows with its music ; now those notes
Blend with the seraphs' song in dream of Heaven,
Which when the night and morning met had stolen
(Like a sweet presence felt, though still unseen,
Or scent of hidden violets which the fence
Keeps from our grasp, and dark leaves veil from sight),
Stolen, dove-like, across Athalie's soul.
For after hours of wakefulness, sleep came,
Like a good angel to the lady's couch,
Smoothing the cushions 'neath her aching head,
Putting in order the rare mechanism
Of the racked brain, thro' all its mazes dropping
Heavenly balm ; laying a master touch
Upon the spring of thought, till all within
Like a blank sheet, or polished mirror lay ;
One for the hand of God to write upon,
The other to reflect as He might will
Heaven's many glowing colours—But the dream

Which held her spirit in abeyance. till
The morning ray had flooded with its lights,
Mountain and vale, no pencil could portray,
Nor language image forth, music would fail
Did it attempt in sacred psalm to sing
Half of its glowing hues—Suffice to say
That all of beautiful we hold supreme,
Of sound most ravishing, seemed there engaged
A thousandfold ; yet were there many forms
Of enjoyment, differing in kind alone—
Glory ! more dazzling than the sun at noon,
Which gleamed from jasper wall and golden street
Having its centre round th' Eternal Throne ;
And shady bowers for pensive pleasure framed—
Anthems resounding thro' the courts of Heaven—
And many a solitary psalm besides,
Rising in tuneful cadence, yet seemed all
Appreciated in a like degree ;
The golden pavements never palled upon
Eyes heavenly tempered, but as grateful were
As verdant pastures and as waters still.—

And here Athalie seemed to wander long,
Drinking in peace, until a white robed band
Of Spirits approached, before whose heavenly gaze,
Immeasurably bright, her human soul
Quailed in its tenement, and fain she was
To bow herself upon the daisied turf,
Had not the formost of the glistening band
Forbade the adoration,—saying, “forbear—
Worship belongs to God, we are not even
His Holy Angels, neither Cherubin
Nor Seraphin, but what thou art we were ;
Each one a denizen of earth hath been,
Living mid pain and sickness—what was worse
Encompased by temptations day by day,
Only we overcame”—“Then had ye more

Than mortal power?" Athalie in the dream
Tremblingly asked, "Or were your trials but slight,
Such as are common to the lot of all,
Easily grappled with? To whom replied
The white robed saints "Our strength was small indeed,
Only *one* fought for us, whom now we serve
Continually; our trials were neither few
Nor trivial, trials they were of patience, faith,
Love, virtue; yet we overcame thro' Him
Who loved us—and His strength (making us more
Than conquerors) is freely given to all
Who ask it as a boon—

Then the scene
Faded away—a silvery veil of earth
Shrouded the brightness of God's Paradise,
(As when o'er summer sky the thunder clouds
Passing obscure the glory of the blue)
And suddenly on all the Heavenly Hosts
A silence fell—no more the 'Angelic' notes
Swelled in continuous anthem round the Throne,
Each voice was hushed, and every golden harp
Voiceless. And then, from out the solemn calm
(Fallen o'er all the bowers of paradise,)
Rose on the wings of song so sweet a strain,
Athalie marvelled not that Heaven had hushed
Its full-voiced choir to listen to the notes,
So clear, and liquid—With the silvery strain
Still ringing in her ears, the lady wakes,
And lo! its music fills her chamber now,
And echos in the leafy woods beyond,
A seraph left his bowers of bright above,
To sooth her waking moments. So she deems,
Until a louder burst of melody
Strikes on her ear with a less perfect sense
Of harmony.

Then with a troubled start,
 Wondering she turns towards the open lattice,
 (Leaning upon her hand, one dimpled elbow
 Denting the silken cushion of the couch),
 And there beholds upon the quivering bough
 Of a laburnum tree, her favorite thrush
 Singing his morning lay—then, quick the light
 Pours in upon her soul, (as that of day
 Bathes all her upturned face in liquid beams
 Golden and bright), she sees the lamp is out ;
 That long its rays hath ceased to light her tower,
 That God's own lamp is set in sapphire skies—
 And seeing this, and pondering on her dreams,
 And those bright ones who once had fought a fight
 Terrible as her own, yet in the end
 Had overcome, she slips from off her couch
 Upon the oaken floor, giving God thanks
 That so the dreaded dawn had passed away
 Unheeded. That the lamp whose flickering ray
 Had been a beacon star to one without,
 Sunk into darkness e'er the appointed hour—
 That thus the peril was bridged over, and
 She saved.

That noon Athalie's Lord returned—
 Rumour had reached him in the Southern Seas,
 (Where for three sunny months he had been cruising),
 Touching the honour of his ancient house ;—
 "A Hawk is hovering round the Dove-cot"—so
 The missive ran—and in hot haste Sir Guy
 Quitted his yacht, returning overland
 A quicker route. Love, fear, and wounded pride
 Raged in his breast, and much he blamed himself
 For his long absence from the side of one
 Too young and beautiful thus to be left
 In lonely bower.— * * *

At length the Castle's reached,
With eager glance Sir Guy each casement scans ;
From top to basement all appears the same
As on the eve he left three months ago.
Only that then his menials thronged the court
Which now looks silent and deserted—while
Above on the stone steps Athalie stood
(Smiling through April tears), and waved adieu.
“Nell” the dog who hears her master's step
Whines to be free,—the sound has sent a thrill
Of anguish to his heart's core,—who can say
But “Nell's” may be the only voice upraised
For loving welcome—Hark!—upon the stairs
A hurried footstep sounds—he knows it well,
And the next moment in two outstretched arms
Athalie nestles, with a little sob
Of great delight, as though the poor tired child
Had found at length her home and haven there.—
Then—while his lips are pressed to brow and cheek,
As tenderly his hands go straying through
The maze of rippling tresses that float wild
O'er his true heart, and fondly clasping arms,
In quivering accents, all disjointedly,
From her pale lips the whole sad story pours,—
A tale of wrong intended, and of sin,
Frustrated by a vision of the night
Stealing across her senses at the hour
Of purposed flight—and—“Oh! how glad she was
To find the whole like some bad dream dissolved
Out of her life—'twas vanity alone
Had turned her head—a foolish little head—
The heart had *never* swerved from its one idol,
Its true love.” And now a silence falls
Upon these twain—until Athalie knows
She is forgiven,—and Sir Guy makes vow
He will henceforth more tenderly protect
The little dove, now fluttering on his breast

With ruffled plumage, but unhurt, thank heaven!—
And his own still.

More beautiful than sunrise o'er the hills,
Than the quiet beauty of the woodland scene
When Spring has waked the music of its rills,
And wooed the violets from their leaves of green.

More beautiful than summer's sparkling deep,
When sleeps the moonbeam on its glassy wave,
Lulled by its murmur, than the quiet sweep
Of beetling rock the silvery waters lave—

Is sunrise of the soul, the spirit's beam,
First stirring 'mid the darkness of that night,
Until at length in one refulgent stream
Poureth the glory of Day's perfect light.

Since the dread sacrifice on Calvary,
When sin was vanquished, heaven to earth brought near,
Methinks there is no sight that God can see,
So pleasing as the contrite sinner's tear.

Weep on poor soul, and seal the pardon bought
By bitter drops thy God poured out for thee;
Trust in His strength until the fight is fought,
And Death is swallowed up in victory.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

By R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW.

Within the limited space at our disposal, it is very difficult to recall the innumerable beauties with which Prince's volumes literally teem; yet our object in writing is not so much to

criticise as to direct attention through the medium of the "*Poets' Magazine*," to these charming poems which had, for obvious reasons, a comparatively local circulation, yet have only to be known to be appreciated, and to take their true place in the literature of our country. If ever a poet could say he had not written a single line which he regretted, Prince might, indeed, have said so; and this makes our labour of love all the more difficult, as every poem throughout his works glows with true poetic instinct, each admirable beyond expression in almost every technical detail.

How tripping and elegant are the following verses from "*Lines to an early Primrose*":—

"Welcome thou art, though, like a poor man's child,
Brought without joy into a home of gloom;
'Mid mournful sounds and tearful tempests wild,
Thou comest forth, fresh, fair, and undefiled,
 From Nature's womb,
Bareing thy breast to the inclement sky,
To brave its storms, or prematurely die.

Green forest haunts come back to me, where I
Feasted my soul with man's immortal words;
And winding lanes, where dewy roses sigh
Their odours out to breezes passing by;
 Where happy birds
Sing to the sparkling waters as they creep,
Brightly and blithely, onward to the deep.

Fair, fragrant promiser of brighter hours,
Like hope, thou smilest on my weary eye;
Fairer, because the firstling of the flowers,
Dearer, because a shade of sadness lowers
 Along the sky,
Richer, because thou teachest from the sod,
A love which lifts my musings unto God."

The lines entitled "To Poesy" have all the chaste simplicity so characteristic of Prince's style, while they glow with all the earnestness and impassioned eloquence of genuine poetry. After an address to the sweet Spirit of the Lyre, and some beautiful lines on the catholicity of the poetic principle, he exclaims :—

Beauty and grandeur give thee birth,
And echo in thy strain—
The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth,
The wild and wondrous main ;
With Nature thou art always found,
In every shape, in every sound,
Calm, tempest, sun and rain ;
Yes! thou hast ever been to me
An intellectual ecstasy.

When light on expectation's wing,
My joyous thoughts arise,
Elate with thee, I soar and sing,
And seem to sweep the skies ;
Though disappointment's voice of fear
Sternly awaits my wild career,
And expectation dies ;
Yet thou, unchanged, art with me still,
Wreathing with flowers the thorns of ill.

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The lonely swan's expiring breath,
In mournful music flows ;
He sings his requiem of death,
Though racked with painful throes :
Sweet Poesy! let such be mine,
The calm, harmonious decline
To earth's serene repose!
May thy last murmurs still be there,
And tremble through my dying prayer."

Passing over a number of minor poems and sonnets, including a soul-stirring patriotic "Call to the People," and some charming verses, "written after a winter's walk in the country," we come to an "Epistle to a brother Poet" which, though written in a lighter spirit than usual, yet flows like a stream of music from the poet's soul, while beams upon its bosom so much of the writer's individuality as makes it peculiarly interesting. We quote a few of the concluding lines:—

"Did God set his fountains of light in the skies,
That man should look up with the tears in his eyes?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,
That man should look down with a groan of despair?
Did God fill the world with harmonious life,
That man should go forth with destruction and strife?
Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,
That man should exist as a tyrant and slave?
Away, with so hopeless—so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darkened indeed."

Any one who has carefully perused the life of Prince, and studied his poetry, must be forcibly struck with his singular light-heartedness, and the absence of all misanthropy and repining, although few have had so much cause for both; for was not his whole life a constant struggle, a perpetual warfare against ever-recurring trials, difficulties, and dissappointments, and all the concomitant ills of absolute poverty? On the other hand, everything which he has written breathes of hope, and love and trust; of respect for those in the classes above him, and intense sympathy for those in his own—the suffering poor.

As a contemporary of the poet has said—"There is a gracefulness in the expression, and a musical flow in the language, which mark the suavity of the poet's temperament. Nor would a stranger to the man infer that his polished lines were the outpourings of a self-educated artisan, who had given them birth amid scenes of the most dire distress, or under the prostrative influence of fatigue, surrounded by the anti-poetical

smells of oil and steam, and the rumbling clatter of wheels and machinery in a cotton mill. Yet under these adverse circumstances have some of the most beautiful of his compositions been conceived, and noted down at meal times, and after the labour of the day."

In addition to all this, it is as wonderful as it is pleasing to observe the spirit of ennobling morality pervading all that he has written, the simple, sterling trust in God, so strong withal that his whole soul pants to sow and foster it in the breasts of his fellow-men. Seemingly involved in the development of his inner, spiritual life, it braves the fiery trials of earth, and, claiming kindred with everything that is pure, and good and noble,—unwarped by bigotry, and unshackled by priest-craft,—diffuses itself everywhere within the sphere of his influence, brightening and beautifying everything it touches, like a glorious gleam of God's own sunshine.

A spirit of real philanthropy, and exalted morality breathes through almost every poem which he has written, and there is nothing, from first to last, in his writings which does not glow with the truth and power of pure and undefiled religion.

But the poet speaks for himself in his sublime "Sketch among the mountains":—

"Oh! is it not religion to admire,
 O God! what Thou hast made in field and bower,
 And solitudes from man and strife apart!—
 To feel within the soul the wakening fire
 Of pure and chastened pleasure, and the power
 Of natural beauty on the tranquil heart,—
 And then to think that our terrestrial home
 Is but a shadow still of that which is to come!

This is the fitting temple of high thought,
 And glorious emotion,—the true place
 Of adoration, silent and sincere;
 For all that the Eternal Hand hath wrought,

Having the form of grandeur and of grace,
Reminds us of a happier, holier sphere,—
Fills us with wonder, strengthens hope and love,
While the rapt soul aspires to things above."

Our space will not allow us to more than mention "The Captive's Dream"—one of Prince's most ambitious efforts, "An appeal on the behalf of the Uneducated," (one of the noblest appeals ever written in the cause of humanity,)—the exquisite lines entitled "There is Beauty," and many others almost equally beautiful, but we have no hesitation in saying that they will all bear most favourable comparison with any similar poems in our modern literature.

In selecting our quotations we have hitherto confined ourselves to "Hours with the Muses," but we might quote from every poem in this charming collection, and yet not by any means exhaust its beauties; in fact every poem has its own characteristic charms, while each of them is more or less living with poetic fire.

From such poems as "The Mountain Spring," "The Voice of the Primrose," "The Poor Man's Appeal," and "The Student of Nature," we might cull many gems, also from the eloquent and impassioned, but temperately-written "Lyrics for the People,"—however we have selected enough to show that Prince was, indeed, a poet, in the truest, noblest sense of the word, and our own opinion is that, as a lyrical poet, he has not been excelled in the present generation.

It has been said that the reputation of an author is generally associated with one particular work: indeed we might easily furnish proofs of this assertion amongst modern writers, and we may certainly apply it to Prince's works, as his name is best known in connection with "Hours with the Muses:" however, there is no falling off in his three other volumes, although, from the peculiar circumstances in which all were written, we can scarcely expect to find quite the same degree of freshness and vivacity as in the first; but they require no apology, and will not be found to lack any of the requirements of genuine and refined poetry.

Amongst the numerous poems in the "Poetic Rosary," "Zoana"—a charming narrative poem, and "Pleun, or the Town of Tears" are particularly worthy of mention; while the volume entitled "Dreams and Realities" literally teems with poems as beautiful in sentiment, and as vigorous in thought, as they are graceful in composition.

"Autumn Leaves" are touched by time, but there is many a tone and tint amongst them, alike of nature and of human nature, which will appeal to our love for the beautiful;—much food for reflection between these leaves, much music to soften, and quicken, and gladden the souls of men and human hearts.

Scattered through some of these volumes are some touching tales; also some prose-poems, written as letters to one of his most esteemed friends, while on a pedestrian tour in 1842, and in point of literary merit, irrespective of their engrossing interest, are just what might be expected from a man of Prince's sensitive nature, refined feeling, and reflective mind.

We would willingly linger longer over the life and life-labour of such a man, and of such a poet as John Critchley Prince, but we hope to meet our readers again where, in a fuller and freer field, we shall have much more to say about him. It is to be regretted that most of Prince's works have long been out of print, but we are informed that it is in contemplation to publish a complete re-issue of them ere long; and if merit, rare poetic merit, has any claim to public patronage in this utilitarian age, we anticipate a very large circulation for them.

And now to conclude. There have been many greater, but never a truer poet in the truest sense than poor J. C. Prince. Nature formed him to be a poet, and educated his heart; if his mind was not highly educated in a technical sense, and it was not, we must blame the circumstances in which he was born and lived, and sympathise with his misfortune; but, as we have already said, he betrays no lack of education in the multitude of poems which he published. This is wonderful; but equally wonderful and still more to his credit is the fact that, although bound down by the ruthless hand of Poverty nearly all his life, and suffering as he suffered, his hopes were ever high, his spirits

cheery, and his heart light; moreover, his simple faith in the bounteous Giver of all good was ever living, and never shaken; and, though an ardent sympathiser with, and an earnest pleader for the poor, and the poor had even more to complain of *then* that *now*, yet his impassioned pleadings on their behalf were ever characterised by good feeling, sound judgment and discretion, and however lofty his flight, however eloquent, however enthusiastic, he never attempted to array class against class, but preached to all classes alike a glorious gospel of truth and worth, of love and charity, of brotherly kindness and tender mercies.

His works are his best monument; and what nobler monument could any man have! Ever poor himself, the wants and sufferings of poverty were his very own; he loved the poor and laboured hard, oh how hard! for the cause of humanity. Religion was sweet to him, and leavened his whole being:—the religion of Freedom and of Truth, the evangel of humanity, the Gospel of Love.

THE BELLS OF THE BULGARS

“Were brought out, covered with cobwebs, from deep vaults, where they had been hidden for four hundred years—There use being forbidden.”

For the weight of scorn and shame
 Lifted off the Christian name,
 Ring amain, amain!
 For the palsy of the heel
 That our necks were wont to feel;
 Ring again, again!
 Were we kneaded into clay,
 So supine and dumb we lay
 While the centuries overheard
 Passed, nor stirred us by their tread.
 Righteous Lord! At last, At last,
 One woe is past!

For the hope that we may grow
 To the stature Freemen know,
 Ring amain, amain !
 For fraternal hand and sword,
 Strong in guarding pass and ford,
 Ring again, again !
 For the quenching of the torch,
 For the cleansing of the Church,
 For the swept and garnished floor,
 Stainless heart, and fearless door.
 Holy God ! at last, at last,
 One woe is past !

For the hands that kept the Faith
 In the grapple with grim Death,
 Shall we sing to-day ?
 For the eyes from torture dim,
 While the feet went after Him
 On the Dolorous way.
 Glory, honour, praise and power
 To my Helper evermore !
 Consolation, Justice, Peace,
 Be with us, and, still, increase !
 Yea and Amen, for, at last
 This woe is past !

MARGARET LAWRENCE JONES.

COUNTERPOISE.

Man's life is justly balanced. When we trust
 Our days of bliss shall have unequal share,
 Or mourn more woes than others seem to bear,

A gently gathering wind, or sudden gust
Blinds with a thick impenetrable dust
Our dim forecastings. The instinctive prayer
To ask a blessing, or avoid a care
Is oft unanswered—but His ways are just :
For when the burden presses, some relief
We had not known, the heaviest weight, destroys ;
Or exultation is made calm with grief,
Or gloom's dispersed with gleam of inner joys ;
And germs burst forth for every faded leaf,
For bloom or blight has perfect counterpoise.

A. STONEHEWER.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Ah ! how sweet Life's young romances,
Starry nights, the moon's soft beams,
When the lovelight from our fancies
Casts a halo o'er our dreams.
Sad it is that in old age,
Blots should stain the virgin page.

In Life's journey cares increasing
Swallow up naturer years,
Life is but a round unceasing,
Made of loves, and hopes, and fears.
Too late, age in looking back,
Sorrows over youth's lost track.

TO GEORGE ELIOT.

Lines, written on reading the following extract from a leading article in the *Standard*. "The crop of Novels, without having failed, has not been abundant this year, (1877), nor has it proved of remarkably good quality George Eliot has made no sign."

Lady, we wait thy regal will,
But wait, somewhat impatient, till
Thy latest thoughts we once more read,
Of others' feeling, word, and deed.

Lady, we wait.

We, the hard-workers—whose day's task
Is fix'd as adamant—we ask
Thy newest sparkles (each one best)
To give our mind and body rest.

Lady, we wait.

We, the deep-thinkers—whose strung brain
Is ever at its greatest strain;
Thy recent problems we implore,
To revel in, to ponder o'er.

Lady, we wait.

We, the earth's ramblers—whose delight
Is legend, when aught comes in sight;
Another "Knebley," we entreat,
Or elsewhere, to invite our feet.

Lady, we wait.

We, the aesthetic—whose whole aim
Is something *after* Death to claim,
Aid us again, with dreams of thine,—
Lady, 'tis plain before thy shrine.

All people wait.

A. E. J.

PAST REMINISCENSES.

I love to muse in the twilight hour,
Ere daylight fades from view :
And live again the old, old days,
And dream old dreams anew.

I love to think of the far off time,
Ages ago it seems,
When friendship took a firmer grasp,
And the sun shed golden beams.

Those days alas ! have come and gone,
'Tis long since they have fled ;
In memories page alone they live
A bright and shining thread.

What though time flow like rapid stream,
That none can stem or stay,
The memory of our past remains
Shrined in our hearts for aye.

ELIZA ANN KILLICK.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

A FAIRY ROMANCE.

BY ARTHUR E. WAITE.

CANTO I.

There stood an ancient forest on a shore
Which gently sloped to meet the cold embrace
Of a great sea, whose waters rocked far off
Upon a wide waste of deserted sand ;

There silence reigned unchallenged, not a sound
Broke up the calm unnaturally strange,
No steps disturbed the solitude divine,
No voice awake in path, or glade, or glen,
No huntsman's horn was wound among the trees.
The shuddering stars looked down upon the spot,
The moon upon the topmost heights of night
Grew whiter as her beams were cast thereon;
The very sunbeams in their light and warmth
Took an unwonted and unhealthy hue,
In silence resting on the stirless leaves;
No breath was in the branches, not a bird
Sang 'mid the foliage, nought alive was seen;
No light fawn darting 'twixt the winding paths,
No stout wild boar with tusks and flaming eyes,
No cricket chirping in the dewy grass,
No crawling thing upon the spongy ground,
No fire fly glancing through the heavy air,
No will-o-the-wisp upon the stagnant marsh.
O'er the whole place that curse of silence lay;
Whatever storms assailed the land without,
Whatever tempests vexed the hungry sea,
Whatever thunder on the startled air
Came crashing, like the stroke of doom foretold,
The spell of an unbroken calm was there.
The rain in silence sought the lap of earth,
The breathless breeze nor leaf, nor bramble stirred,
No thunder followed on the lightning's flash.

Without there was a waste of field and mead,
Green all, but all deserted and forlorn,
And highways broad by human feet untrod;
No kine, no lambs were feeding on the grass,
No more the chanticler at morn was heard,
The wind-mill and the water-mill were still,
The homesteads crumbled with the doors thrown back,
The moss was green upon the threshold stone,

The sleeping chambers were all tenantless,
The chimney corner by the hearth unfilled.
Far off the ocean lapt the yielding sand,
But never any vessel came in sight,
Nor any ship towards the harbour steered ;
Where mastless hulks, and boats, and barges lay
Rotting and mould'ring slowly year by year.
Where were the hands that launched those idle ships ?
Where were the hearts which in those sheltering homes
Had lived, and loved, and worshipped ? all were gone.
O'er that once populous and smiling spot
Decay and desolation ruled supreme,
Till all was desolate as death itself.

'Twas eve ! the sun drooped towards the ocean's bed,
And o'er the smouldering ruins of the day
(Breaking and waning in the furthest west)
Mildly and tender as the eyes of Peace
Above the tumult and the cries of war,
Shone the first star, and twilight's purple shades,
Solemn and soundless o'er the sleeping earth ;
The listless idle ocean, and the sky
Rolled upward, like a tide no hand might stay.
Then night descended with her falt'ring feet,
The moon rose beautiful as dreams of love,
With soft swift step, like some delightful maid,
Who meeets her lover in the sylvan paths,
And watchful over the enchanted wood
Appeared the bright inhabitants of heaven,
Who downward gazed with their eternal eyes,
Stern, mute, yet beautiful, as kings should be,
Their shadows, luminous and fair as they,
Rocking the while upon the moonlit deep.

A wanderer long from northern lands afar,
Young Harold came to the deserted shore ;
He saw the gloomy ocean on the right
Stretch outward, circumscribed by heaven alone,

And on the threshold of the enchanted wood
Awhile he lingered, drinking greedily
The pulseless peerless beauty of the scene.
But soon the unnatural calmness roused the youth,
Lying like death's cold hand upon his heart ;
A sudden fear his inmost soul assailed,
Alone amid the loneliness of all !
His cheeks grew white, he turned his face to flee,
But all the desolation of the meads
Exhaling ghostly mists beneath the moon,
And damp with recent rains and nightly dews,
Deterred his footsteps and he turned aside,
And wandered past delapidated inns,
And farms, and mansions desolated long.
Hard by the enchanted wood a ruined church
Stood, the unnoticed and defaced remains
Of the devotion of a race whose name
Was heard no more in chronicle or lay,
Its history blank, its gods, its faith unknown !
As Harold drew to the forsaken shrine,
From the recesses of the ivied porch
Stalked forth the semblance of a mortal man,
Who towards the youth with noiseless steps approached,
His shadow lengthened to gigantic size
On the damp grass, his features ghastly pale
In the wan moonlight and the gathering mist.

The youth drew backward struck with sudden awe,
For on the vision's marble brow was stamped,
And in the furrows of his Titan's face,
The kingdom of an agony divine
Was written, as a book which all might read.
His hair and beard were grey with lapse of years,
His garments fashioned in forgotten shape,
Of stuffs antique but rich with jewelled clasps,
Which might have decked the person of a prince ;
His feet were sandalled, and a staff of gold

In his right hand he bore.

“What dost thou here?”

He cried aloud, but the commanding voice
To Harold's ear, no angry threat conveyed,
Stern sadness mingled in its powerful tones
With somewhat of surprise and more of hope,
While from beneath the overarching brows
Gleamed his dark eyes with passion-fire of youth.

Then answered Harold with inclining head
And reverent tone (thus youth should age address)
“I am a wanderer from distant lands,
Here chance or Providence my steps hath led,
Myself uncertain of my goal or aim!
And, having ventured in these stranger parts,
I find but desolation and decay
Around me, like the ruins of a world,
And thou the sole inhabitant of all.
But whether mortal, like myself, or far
Beyond the heir-ship of mortality,
Death or an angel in a human guise,
Or the great spirit of decay itself
Watching the progress of thy work on earth,
Who but thyself can say? Yet, since thou hast
The human utterance of a human tongue,
Explain, if so thy inclination wills,
What means this silence hanging like a curse,
This desolation, this decaying town,
This useless harbour on the lonely shore,
These highways choked with grass, and briar, and weed,
Why is it all left thus? deserted thus?
And those who dwelt here once where are they now?”

The stranger gazed a moment on the youth,
Then cast himself upon the ground and wept.

“Thus had he been, “he cried,” in future years,
“Thus had he grown to manhood by my side,

Tall, beautiful, and strong, a dream of joy,
Who now is dead to me, and worse than dead,
Buried and hidden from my sight for aye,
More deep than in a grave beneath the ground."

Then gaining as it were some strength renewed
And self command from the despair within,
He rose and gathered up his robes, and gazed
A moment voiceless on the moonlit sky,
As piercing with unconquerable glance
The hidden pathways of remotest space ;
Then lowering looked upon the enchanted wood,
All shadow and silence, like eternity ;
But thence did no familiar form emerge,
Nor came the sound of a familiar voice,
Nor pattering footsteps on the drooping grass—
So turned he thence towards the misty sea,
But no bark floated there with sails outspread
To catch the shoreward breezes of the night ;
Then, once again, looking in Harold's face,
As if to read his soul he answered thus.—

"There is no chance nor fortune in the world,
At every birth the dread decrees go forth
Ruling the coming years immutably.
Look round upon this tenantless domain,
It has for centuries been as now it is,
To ask the reason of this all is vain
Striving to pierce the veil of destiny,
Which swords reach not, nor mortal hands uplift,
Be satisfied with that which thou can'st know.

All things are ordered to an end unknown,
Or dimly guessed in this sublunary sphere.
Look on this ruin of the art of man,
Own thou that here the will of Fate has worked,
And none have lifted a defending arm
To bar its progress, and so learn from this,

As surely as in these inanimate things,
So on the animate and reasoning world
Its rule is Medean, its power supreme.
I am a mortal—like thyself in this,
After the natural likeness of the flesh
Nor less, nor more ; experience bought with years,
The sum of all the right of my grey hairs
Over thy youthhood, but when both are dust,
That right, the fruit of bitterness, is gone.
Why Fate has worked in this way or in that,
Why brought these things to pass which here we see,
Or why not ordered in a kindlier way,
I know not, nor dost thou ; not why but how
Is the great question which concerns mankind,
Its answer the philosophy of life.

See now the morn mounts upward in the sky,
It is not long to midnight ; well I know
That Fate fulfils itself in various ways ;
What brought thee hither can concern me not,
God has decreed it with a wise foresight,
And end in view which I may fail to see.
But in thine eyes there is a doubt and fear,
Surmises vague, and questions yet unasked,
These I can satisfy. Fate causes all.
Man dreams not half the marvels of the world ;
But all may learn from others something new,
Which may be useful in the coming time,
Since there is nothing useless in the world.
Linger awhile with me, much wilt thou hear,
The lesson may be good which I shall teach,
Though what thy knowledge brings to thee or me
In future days, is hidden from our sight."

So those two seated on a fallen tree,
Out in the moonlight, 'neath the watchful stars ;
The long stretched shadows of the enchanted wood
Falling upon the grass before their feet—

The breeze around them crept, and crept, and crept,
And far away, up from the desolate shore,
O'er a broad waste of furze and briar, there came
The murmurous moaning of the solemn sea—
Harold looked up into the stranger's face,
Who straight unlocked his lips and thus began.

“The tale thou seekest now to learn is long.
Know I, who here beside thee sit to-night,
Sole dweller in a region of the dead,
Now but the semblance of my former self,
Amid the ruins of a race of men,
Myself the greatest ruin of the whole,
Was once a powerful ruler in the world.
I am the monarch of a distant land,
Descendant of a great and kingly line,
Far famous in the glorious days of old
For deeds as noble as the names they bore.
My own, Belphegor, was in earlier years—
Youth's time of strength and valiant-heartedness—
A sound my foes would falter at and flee,
A war-cry scattering the adverse hosts,
Like sudden onslaught of ten thousand spears,
And knights in glittering mail and waving plumes.
I was but young when from my father's head,
Laid with its grey hairs in the gray cold earth,
To mine the crown descended, but from when
Its golden circlet first my temples bound,
Fresh life flew suddenly through all my veins,
Fresh hopes and fears, desires till then unknown
Took up their dwelling in my inmost heart.
My very nature seemed at once to change,
Ambition wedded to gigantic pride
Became the ruling passion of my life;
Extended power and wealth in realms and gold
Filled my wrapped thoughts by day, my dreams by night.

Three years or more before my father died
Had peace brought plenty to the labourer's home,
And now once more the horns of war rang out!
Some petty incident by me was made
Sufficient pretext to renew the strife
My sire had with a neighbouring prince waged long—
And, after one campaign, the hostile land
Was wholly conquered, and its prince lay slain.
Flushed with the wine of victory we marched
Erelong, to conquest of more distant realms,
O'er land and sea our devastating swords
Passed, like a fire-cloud through a dusky night,
Or as a meteor through a stormy sky,
Startling, bewildering, a scourge to all.

" Sometimes we stole upon a sleeping town,
Our spearheads glittering in the moon's wan light,
And suddenly the citizens were roused
With a great knocking at their city gates,
In the dead hush of night, and rose in fear
To see our hosts encamped without the walls.
Then when the morning dawned in the gray east,
A ruddy glow from flaming walls went up,
And tongues of fire fanned by the wind, which mocked
The unfolding roses of the quiet sky.
Sometimes we fought upon the open field,
Through noontide heat and evening's cooler hour—
Till the stars twinkled in the lofty air,
And the great luminary of night arose
And cast soft light upon our coats of mail;
We asked no mercy and no quarter gave,
Our mighty host upon that field remained
Till every foeman on that field was slain,
Or scattered, fled away before our face.

Thus crossed we many a well contested league,
New conquests swelling every day the list.

Each week new kingdoms falling victims to us !
At length the borders of a mighty sea
Were reached. Now first we stayed upon our course ;
No ships of man had crossed those watery wastes,
Where countless dangers might await our own,
And knowing naught of what might be beyond,
We pitched our tents upon the naked shore,
And seven days rested there with idle hands.

Seven times the morning dawned, the night came down,
And on the eighth day left uncertain still,
But wearied of inaction, I arose,
And with a hundred horsemen left the camp,
And three days travelling west along the shore,
A little village by the sea we reached ;
From whence we learned that boats in vain had tried
To cross that vast illimitable main :
That, tost about by storms and adverse winds,
For weeks they laboured, breasting the huge waves,
And then once more were forced to seek their homes,
No further shore appearing to the eye.

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

Away in some forest olden,
Where the quivering sun-darts play
Brightening the grand old branches
With the jets of a golden ray,
There tarried a wee wee maiden,
In the days that have long gone by,
Like a flash from a gem creation—
A sparkle of beauty and joy !

But when in the days of summer,
 The blossoms in dewy retreat,
 Nodded and danced in the sweetness,
 The amber hued arrows to greet ;
 The wee little forest maiden
 While the trees were kissing the flowers
 Faded away from the sunlight,
 And the glory of woodland towers !

And as the young life was ebbing,
 The beauties of forest perfume
 Shivered and wept in the sighing blast,
 And dropt the rich crown of their bloom.
 The zephyrs forsook the dingles,
 And their haunts by the dew-starr'd towers,—
 For th' sweetest bloom of the forest,
 Had withered with summer flowers !

CLARICE.

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

Love lives for ever, like the balmy breath
 Which the freed soul inhales in paradise ;
 And like the rose-bud, when its lovely wreath,
 Of which it forms a link, all withering, dies,—
 Deprived of beauteous charms in life it bore,
 (That proud sultana of all flowers and feeling,)
 Its most delightful tinge from memory stealing,
 Sheds out a balm more precious than before.

Love ! universal love ! the life ! the soul !
 The hallow'd chain which binds the mighty whole !
 In essence one ; though different in degree,—
 From the first link,—material sympathy,
 To the last splendid intellectual tie,
 Which draws two faithful, trembling bosoms nigh !

Oh, what is our sublimest promise ? what
Earth's proudest triumphs ? man's least chequer'd lot,
Without the electric touch of love, which blends
All forms, all beings, to its general ends ?

Yes, all of beautiful, and all of fair !
Noon's sunny beauty, ocean, earth and air,
All glorious things beneath, around, above,
Reflect the light of universal love !

J. S. THOMPSON.

CHANGE.

A weary time has passed since last we met,
We stand beneath the trysting-tree again ;
Both vowed at parting never to forget ;
The parting over, why this restless pain ?
All is the same that meets our vision's range,
The sunlight glitters through the sylvan glade ;
We two are here ; nor is there outward change
Since, as of old, we lingered in the shade.
But you, whose passion-words came fast and free,
Constrain them now, and let thought idly rove.
Yes, *you* are changed, and shadowed by this tree.
We two stand o'er the grave of buried love.

MARIE ASTON.

A WINTRY MOOR AT NIGHT.

My way led o'er a wintry waste
When evening shades were falling,
And the soft sheep-bells rung in haste
The fleecy flocks were calling,—
For still a few had strayed a-field
To wander mid the heather,
Seeking the food the hill-sides yield
Despite such withering weather.

Chorus. A wintry moor! A wintry moor!
Alone at dark of night,
Where in the world may one procure
More desolate a sight?

Black barren rocks were on the right,
Uprising bleak and lone,
Like the fabled forms of men of might
Fast petrified to stone.
And far and wide on every side,
The mazy mist extended,
Slowly its mass did upwards glide,
Till with the sky it blended.

I thought of deeds of darkness done
On that drear waste so lonely!
That there had perished many an one
For lack of succour only.
And I strode along with swifter pace,
A thrill o'er my bosom stealing—
Reaching at last my resting place
With pleasurable feeling.

Chorus. A wintry moor! etc.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

PHILIP AND MARY.

AN IDYLL.

Two church spires piercing to the azure skies,
Two cottage hearth fires wreathing in the air,
Two narrow clefts adorn the sea-washed cliff,
Two lives, no longer two, but wedded fast
Into one life with one unsever'd soul—
Such is the scene, the subject of my story.

Near Tidemouth, by the breaking of the waves,
Lived Philip Aveling, toiler on the sea,
From small beginnings risen high by thrift
To be the wealthiest fisher of the town;
He hoped full soon to leave his busy trade
And live at home in comfortable ease,
Nor tempt the perils of the ocean more.
But Philip had one cross to bear, one thorn
Hid in the roses of prosperity.
In early life he married, not for love,
But wedded for the sake of trade and pelf
Old Shirley's daughter, reckoned wealthiest.
Short was his joy and swift his punishment,
And life-long was his woe, for she was gifted
With nought that makes home happy; sharp of tongue,
Impatient of rebuke, she daily roused
The ire of Philip, till he longed that death
Might take the one or other, which it were
He cared not, so he might have rest here
Or elsewhere. Thus he dragged his fretful life;
Nor age, nor use could heal his fixed unrest.
So Philip sought a solace for his pain
In others smiles, finding no love at home
He found elsewhere the ease he craved, and all
His heart could wish in Mary Trevor met,
Sweet tempered, patient, loving, chastely bright,

And Philip loved her, and as he compared
Her with another, cursed the heavy doom
Which bound him to a yoke he hated so.
And Susan Aveling knew it, so when Philip
Raised by her temper yielded to his wrath
Would taunt him with his preference for Mary,
Till dark unhallowed thoughts would enter him.
One morn, as Philip passed old Trevor's cot
He spied his daughter at the open door,
She spun and warbled sweetly as she spun ;
This was the tenor of her minstrelsy :—

Run on, my wheel, run on,
Run on, and cease thou never,
Spin on and hum, as thou runnest on,
Run on, run on for ever.

Roll on, my life, roll on,
Like some unending river,
Flow on and murmur as thou flow'st,
Roll on, roll on for ever.

Pass on, my soul, pass on
To heaven and bless the giver,
Glide on and carol as thou glid'st,
Pass on, pass on for ever.

Rush on, my spirit, rush on,
For God be thy endeavour,
Fly on and lose thyself in His,
Rush on, rush on for ever.

Then Philip laughing added yet one verse
Love on, my heart, love on,
The lovely Mary Trevor,
Love on and worship as thou lov'st
Love on, love on, for ever.

But Mary blushed and gravely looked, for now
 She knew what she had guessed ere now, the love
 Which lurked in Philip for her, but she scorned
 To make her name a handle for the talk
 Of evil tongues, and long as Susan lived
 Would not so much as trust herself with him.
 Then Philip, for his love could smoulder on
 No longer, but must forth, o'erleaping bounds
 But lightly guarded, "Mary" loud he cried
 "Would I were dead, and buried deep in earth,
 My life is but a weary round of wretchedness,
 No break in its long misery but thou,
 No star in its dark night but only thine.
 But Mary would not listen, swift she stopped
 His mouth with sharp rebuke; "speak not to me
 "Of love illicit, bear as man should bear.
 "What knows no care, and hope in brighter worlds,
 "So find a healing balm for earthly woe.
 "There may we love, as love the saints of God,
 "But here it were unlawful."

Then she passed,
 Passed as a planet passes from the ken
 Of watcher on some lonely mountain top.

At length one morn, when Philip sick at heart,
 Passed from his work to his unhomely home,
 And called his wife, no answer greeted him;
 But on the table lay a letter marked,
 "For Philip Aveling;" as he read he feared,
 "Gone," it ran thus, "Gone from a loveless hearth,
 "Gone from a death in life, gone to another
 "More loving, and more faithful. Seek in her
 "The love you missed in me, and seek me not."
 Then pleasure vied with grief in Philip's heart;
 Pleasure to be relieved from such a thrall,
 And grief, that he was none the less a bondsman,

And shame, that one should bear his name, who bore
 The shameful name of false adulteress.
 Thus for a time he lived, a widowed husband,
 Free, and yet not free, free from one unloved ;
 Not free to wed a loved one, and his heart
 Wasted as wastes a life, whose pent up love
 Finds no outletting channel, Nought he heard
 Of absent wife, save that one saw her bound
 For distant countries with her paramour.
 Then not long after, all the land was wrung
 With grief at tidings of disaster, and he heard
 That the same ship, which bore her from those shores,
 Had foundered, and left none to tell the tale.

* * * * *

Thus they were wedded, and the village rang
 With joyful peal, and Philip's cottage hearth
 Shone with a new unwonted cheerfulness,
 Till ten bright summers had reviewed their joys,
 And ten sharp winters whitened all the earth.

It was a clear cold night in January,
 That Philip, Mary, and the prattling troup
 Of little ones, sat smiling round the hearth ;
 Gladdening the parents heart ; telling grim tales
 Of ghostly apparitions, till the blood
 Froze up with horror, and each startled face
 Looked round with fearful gaze, as if in dread
 Of seeing what they spoke of ; then, without,
 A cry as of distress pierced thro' the air,
 And startled Philip from his seat, who said
 "Some homeless wanderer, haply in the snow."
 He ope'd the door, and saw a woman's form
 Prostrate, in utter misery and cold
 Before his threshold, thinly clad and gaunt.
 He brought her in, and Mary used her skill
 To summon back the life-blood to her cheek,
 With cordials, and the arts of womanhood.

And when she ope'd her eyes and saw the cot,
She closed them with a groan, and nothing said.
Then as he gazed, a dread presentiment
Seized Philip's heart, and as he scanned her face,
He seemed to trace the lineaments of one,
Though altered, still the same, who ever had stood
Between him and the light of Heaven, his wife.
Then he too groaned, but said no word to Mary,
Who knew her not, and lost in pity saw
Nought of his wonderment ; so soft they bore
The frail form to a couch, but yet she seemed
As if death's hand were on her, and her soul
Were faint beyond recall. Thus hardly living,
Yet not yet dead, she flickered, and he prayed
"Heaven take her ere she speak to blight my weal."
Nor spake she a word to any, till the last,
Just as she died, when Philip was away,
And only Mary there, she beckoned to her,
And leaning down upon the bed her ear,
To hear her whisper, Mary caught the words ;
"Be happier than I was, and less foolish ;
"Tell him that Susan, ere she died, would ask
"His pardon for sin and for unloveliness."
Then Mary started, and called Philip quick,
But ere he came her sin-worn soul had passed
To where the free full fountain of God's love
Washes all blots, and whitens every stain ;
And they stood watching, and Philip knew
That Mary knew the secret, but they said
Naught one to other, lest the knowledge should
Create estrangement, but they buried her
With love and care, as one may bury strangers ;
And on her tomb was writ no name but "Susan,"
With these few words, as fitting epitaph ;
"Blest he is whose unrighteousness is hid,
"Whose sin is covered," and none knew her tale.

Thus these two blissful souls passed on to death,
Loving, and loved, till one soon after other,
They rested in one grave, and found beyond
The haven where they would be, where no tears,
No strife can find them, where all time
Is swallowed up in one eternity,
Where shines the crystal sea, where saints sit down
And throng the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

C. G.

BERENICE.

"The success of this piece persuaded the public and the poets, that love, and love alone, was the soul of tragedy."—VOLTAIRE.

Racine's *Berenice*, stigmatized by Boileau, who was the impersonation of enlightened criticism in the century when there was such a thing as a literary conscience, as the "one charming weakness of his works," has notwithstanding met with an admiration and sympathy hardly accorded to any other classic drama.

Whilst strictly adhering to the invariable rules of the old French tragedy which set so straight a limit to the development of the passions, and not, even in the climax of emotion, daring to infringe the self-respecting reticence presented as the authorised Voltarian resemblance to the spirit of the Greeks, the poet has still succeeded in becoming the interpreter of natural and unaffected feeling, in depicting the terrible contest between love and duty, the anguish of separation, and the final triumph of self-sacrifice, thereby keeping up the interest of the spectator during the five long acts, without any change of scene (the whole of the play takes place within four walls), without

any intrigue, incident or difficulty in the plot, and no other foundation than the words, *I love you yet I leave you.*

The subject is taken from the history of Rome after the siege of Jerusalem, and is as follows :—

“Titus, joyfully received as emperor, began his reign A.D. 79, with the practice of every virtue that becomes a sovereign and a man. He had long loved Berenice, sister to Agrippa, king of Judæa, a woman of the greatest beauty and refined allurements, but knowing that the connection was entirely disagreeable to the people of Rome, he gained the victory over his affections, and sent her away, notwithstanding their mutual passion and the arts she used to induce him to change his resolution.”

That such a subject, dealt with in accordance with the rigid restraints of genuine tragedy could be made to supply the proper number of scenes, is a matter of marvel, yet there is nothing tedious or heavy in the composition, and no single interview that could be spared without injury to the whole. Voltaire maintained that no other poet—and he does not even by implication except himself—could equal Racine in this respect, or have combined so much interest with such complete unity of place, design and action.

The emperor is his own master, and has chosen for himself, He wills, and it is his duty to will, that Berenice, however much beloved, to whom he owes, as he himself describes, grandeur, glory and that perfection to which a man rises under the eyes of the woman he honours, to the wishes and prejudices of his people. There is hardly a moment of hesitation; after the manner of the ancients he believes himself to be controlled by fate which counts the sentiments of men as nothing, and from the first scene to the last there is neither doubt nor uncertainty, but in the exhaustless variations of passion, and in the development of its most secret springs, the poet finds scope for all the force of his genius, and carries away with him the hearts of all who have ever known what it is to love, or ever will know.

In his preface, Racine relates that he had long desired to frame a tragedy with that simplicity of action so dear to the Greeks, who admired the *Ajax* of Sophocles—where the sole

incident is his death of grief because he was refused the arms of Achilles—and who vaunted the genius of Menander, because it took Terence two of his comedies out of which to find stuff sufficient to construct one of his own. “O Life and Menander!” was the exclamation of Aristophanes, “which of you two imitated the other?”

“Nor,” says Racine, “let anyone believe that this rule is founded simply upon the caprice of those who made it. Nothing but what is true to life really touches in tragedy, and what truth can there possibly be in crowding into one day such a multitude of circumstances as could only possibly take place in the course of many weeks?”

It has been thought that this simplicity is a mark of want of invention, but on the contrary, true invention consists of making a great deal out of nothing, and a great number of incidents has always been the refuge of poets who have not felt enough force and fecundity in their own genius to rivet an audience by simple fact, and sustain by violence of passion, beauty of sentiment, and elegance of expression. I have been reproached with this very simplicity to which I had with so much labour attained, and have been told by several people that a tragedy so little encumbered with intrigues could not be in accordance with theatrical rules. I asked if it had appeared tedious to them? and was told that on the contrary it had pleased and touched them, and that they would willingly see it again. What more could they desire? I therefore besought them to entertain a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to believe that the piece which touches and gives them pleasure cannot be absolutely out of rule. The chief rule is to touch and to please, and the others are but subservient—they are but a long detail with which the spectator has nothing to do; his task is more important, let him leave to us the fatigue of interpreting the poetry of Aristotle, whilst he reserves to himself the pleasure of being interested, and let him permit me to repeat what a composer once said to Philip of Macedon, when he pretended to criticise a song as not correct, according to musical rules—

"God grant that your majesty may never be so unhappy as to understand such things better than I do! There is nothing more touching in all the poets than the separation of Dido and Æneas, and who can doubt that what furnishes sufficient matter for an epic poem where the action is sustained during several days is also sufficient for a tragedy whose duration should not be longer than so many hours.

It is true that I have not thought it necessary to force Berenice like Dido to self-destruction, but her last farewell to Titus and her agony in parting from him, is not the least tragic part of the play. There is no necessity that there should be a bloody death in a tragedy.

It suffices that the action be grand, the actors heroic, that the passions be called into play, and that all the surroundings should excite that sober sadness which is the true pleasure of tragic art."

Racine compares Berenice with Dido, but it is evident that the only resemblance between the two consists in being forsaken. The tenderness of the one contrasts with the fury of the other, and even in the moment when her dignity revolts at the idea of desertion, it is more the women's love that speaks in the reproaches of Berenice, than the outraged majesty of the affianced Queen.

Her address to Titus, when, after eight days absence, freeing herself from the importunate crowd of courtiers, she finds herself alone with her lover, is full of feminine sweetness, and her tender petition "*Voyez moi plus souvent, et ne me donnez rien,*" is hardly to be matched in fond simplicity.

It would be different to overrate the power of the poet in thus being able to give expression to natural and unaffected feeling, whilst still maintaining in all its integrity, the strict dignity and reticence of the Greek ideal, by whose rules he considered himself to be artistically bound.

The prayers and reproaches of Berenice make it difficult to sympathise with Titus. We do so more nearly when it appears possible that he might be brought to resign glory for the sake of love, and Rousseau has ventured to assert that he would

have been more interesting if he had, but where then would have been the poet's picture of patriotic dignity, and that heroic stability of soul which can understand no shadow of hesitation upon a question of honour?

The play was first produced at the Hotel de Bourgoyne, in the year 1670, and obtained a complete success; a success of applause, enthusiasm, criticism, tears—in fact, all the honours of fashion.

It was announced that Henrietta of England, the wife of "Monsieur," had herself suggested the subject as one well adapted to the stage, and capable of exciting the highest degree of interest and emotion. Passages in her own life may have led the sister-in-law of the "Grand Monarque" to enter into the situation of lovers voluntarily renouncing happiness at the dictates of reason, and to sympathise with sentiments which hovering upon the confused boundary between love and friendship, would appear to be the peculiar property of poetic dreams. Supported by so high a personage, and also by the general feeling of the day which was attuned to elevated sentiment, and which was more especially in favour of the representation of passionate love, controlled by a sense of duty, it was in vain the severer critics pronounced the drama to be nothing but a pastoral between an emperor, a king, and a queen—a pastoral containing less tragical situations than the interesting scenes of the *Pastor Fido*—in vain that Berenice was turned into a Magdalene, and the part of Antiochus found to be "tedious," and "the chief error of the piece," the public voice was unanimous in praise, and the critics were pronounced extremely unjust."

La Champmeslé well instructed by the author and as solicitous for his triumph as for her own, interpreted the refined allurements and devoted tenderuess of Berenice to such effect, that the inferior characters could hardly sustain their parts for tears, and even four years later, when the play was reproduced at the Comédie Française with Mdlle. Leconoreur Juinault the elder, and Juinault du Fresne, instead of La Champmeslé, Floridor and the husband of Champmeslé, it met with almost

equal success. In 1807, however, its prestige was over and even Talma and Mdle. Georges could obtain nothing from the audience but yawns.

The days of elevated and poetic feeling, the days of Louis Quartory and of "Madame" had passed away, and with them the romantic associations which had contributed so much to the triumph of Berenice. Racine could no longer persuade the public and the poets that love and love only was the soul of tragedy, and when it was to have been brought forward in 1812 it was thought necessary to suppress it as being too full of dangerous allusions. The divorce of Buonoparte and Josephine was too recent to permit of its representation; the most pathetic lives, the most effective points must have been abandoned as conveying too graphic a picture of the tragedy of the day, and, moreover, the minds of men were engrossed with politics, war, and all the stubborn facts of life. Ideal tenderness and self-sacrifice were held to be morbid and somewhat unnatural experiences, proper indeed to the realms of fiction, but not awaking, even there, any profound sympathy or enthusiasm. In our own day Mdle. Rachel was probably as touching a Berenice as any of her predecessors. The thrilling voice, beauty of diction, and supreme good taste of attitude, gesture, and classic drapery, which distinguished the last of French tragic actresses, approached as nearly as possible to the perfect ideal of the character, but it requires a more select, artistic and discriminating audience than can be found in this sensational age, fully to enter into a representation which owes nothing to scenery or mechanic contrivance, and where there is nothing to rivet the attention but the subtle analysis of noble and delicate feeling.—Racine's "Berenice" may truly be said to be one of those compositions which honor a poet even less than an epoch.

C. E. MEETKERKE.

SONG OF PEACE.

Skies, silent skies, that spread with starry splendour
Over this world of night,
What strange deep thoughts ye bring; what memories tender
Are graven with your light,

Thoughts of that long ago; that midnight olden
When on their pinions fair,
Bright angel heralds through heaven's portals golden
Passed to this lower air.

When through your dome the joyous notes were ringing
Of peace and joy on earth;
And clear celestial voices mingled, singing
Of Christ the Saviour's birth.

Still, still ye bend, bright with your radiant glory
And still as rolls each year,
Oh heavens! ye tell the same, the same sweet story
Unto the listening ear.

And yet methinks there is a shade of mourning
Deep in each starry eye,
To think so many souls that tale are scorning,
Or pass it heedless by.

I wonder not,—for Oh! what clouds of sorrow
Have pierced that jewel'd breast;
Black with the hues which fancy may not borrow;—
The cries of the oppressed—

And tears, and woes, and bitter lamentations
Ascending to those gates,
Where He the judge and healer of the nations,
On throne of justice awaits.

Hates fills the heart, and brother fights with brother,
As if the Prince of Peace
Had never bid them love, and bless each other,
And let all hatred cease.

Oh for that time! ye heavens, your gates unsealing,
Ring, ring with peace as then!
Oh Prince of Peace, come with Thy gift of healing
And earth shall say, Amen.

FAITH CHILTERN.

TO MY WIFE.

My darling when lonely and weary,
For thy loving presence I sigh;
For life seems less darksome and dreary,
When thou my beloved art nigh.

Oh come to these arms which may claim thee,
With head on my breast find true bliss!
A passion like mine cannot shame thee,
A husband's just due is but this.

Then sleep, though 'tis I who am tired,
I'll watch till the dawning of day,
Lest the happiness long since desired,
Should fly with the morning away.

Sleep on may'st thou ne'er be o'ertaken,
With aught to embitter thy life;
I'll bear all *my* troubles unshaken,
If Heaven but spares *thee*, my wife.

H. KNIGHT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

T. R. D. (Dalston).—The poems to hand are good, but we cannot make use of them unless you favour us with your full name and address.

"Lyndhurst Court," by M. O.—Not up to our standard as a whole, though containing many good lines which could be re-woven into a capital poem. In this case, however, the author must invent a totally different plot.

"Mine Own," by Constance C.—The MSS. about which you have thrice written without enclosing stamps for reply, never reached us.

"An Incident in the Life of a Poet," Anon.—We regret to say that we do not believe there is one word of truth in Anon's wonderful narrative.

M. B. Brown.—We have heard of you before, and do not care to again.

F. O. L.—This gentleman (?) has kindly copied one of Matthew Prior's poems, and sent us, stating it to be original; also requesting payment for the same. We think of shortly publishing the whole correspondence. Several other parties will then find themselves in a similar dilemma. Is there not a missing initial in our correspondent's signature? We are in hourly expectation of being politely requested to become purchasers of one of our own productions.

H. N. and Others.—Once more—we *will* not give critiques on matter forwarded by non-subscribers, unless twelve stamps are enclosed therewith.

"Vinegar," by P. B.—Of *course* the subject is admirably suited to our pages! However, if the author values the article, he had best hurry to the rescue.

George F. (Edinburgh).—We should be glad to learn the age of this "youthful aspirant." Probably about two years?

Bashful One.—The first stanza by young "Bashful" is very weak. Here it is:—

"Come to me, love!
I mourn for thee—
New joys to prove
'Neath the greenwood tree."

After this specimen, we think but little remains to be said.

Marie Hereford.—Unsuitable to our pages. Fancy sending us (without stamps, and without a subscription) seventeen folios with request for a private critique.

T. Redare (Liverpool).—A well-written essay, if less lengthy. Condense and we will use.

"Going to the War," Anon.—It would, we think, be a matter of congratulation in editorial quarters if all amateur anonymous authors of the calibre of our correspondent were to go to the war, and return (if indeed they have the luck to return at all) minus their right hands.

C. F. S.—We quote your best stanza, and believing that you possess some poetical talent, shall be glad to hear further from you:—

"She turned and fled—I followed in a dream;
But on she fled untiring—whither led?
Was it a phantom with blue eyes whose gleam
Such living lustre on her pathway shed."

Louis Henrie.—It is not realisable—

“Poetry is the grandest chariot wherein King-Thoughts ride.”

Smith—Life Drama.

Phillip Mc.—You had better put yourself under our tuition, as you have much to learn.

S. S. S.—Your rhymes are defective, but don't be disheartened, as others beginning at your age have done worse, and are now earning a large income.

Clarence Nightingale.—Your book will shortly be reviewed. Indeed, we are sorry pressure of matter has prevented our noticing several volumes to hand. In future we intend devoting more space to reviews.

Clara.—Thanks. “Satan of Scripture.” We prefer not.

Hope.—We congratulate you on your second edition. Your friend should also send us his new publication.

John Jones.—Your forte is not in the comic line. What is wanted is real *Moet*—not *gooseberry*. The rhythm should be sparkling and crisp—frequent and easy.

L. Drysal.—It is difficult to read your composition, as it is not punctuated. In some places even thirty to forty lines without a stop. In future remedy this; write clearly, and only on one side of the paper. Please number your pages, and send the necessary stamps for our trouble.

Pet.—It will not do. Fancy “dog” and “jog” rhyming four times.

Pater.—Our terms for advertisements are moderate.

Anon.—The editor has only this opportunity of thanking some fair reader for her handsome present of an elaborately embroidered smoking cap; also for the box of Havannahs. We think of her every evening.

X 50.—Your subscription ceases next month.

Cheapside.—We should lose money were your suggestions carried out.

S. O. Y.—Let us see your work. We could introduce you to a publisher.

Ink.—Nonsense. Not sufficiently interesting.

Disappointment.—George Francis Armstrong's poetical works are now issued by his brother. Publishers, Longmans & Co.

Napoleon P.—We will help you with revisal of your book, and charge moderately.

F. A.—Some of our greatest poets (Byron for one) have failed as song writers. There are only few really good—such as Moore, Lover, Burns, and Barry Cornwall. Samuel Lover says, “The Song being necessarily of such brief compass, the writer must have power of condensation.” This you lack, however. Send us your song. We have a slight claim to being musicians, and are always glad to see our subscribers' efforts.

The Hermit.—We believe it is in “French Poets and Novellists,” by Henry James, lately published.

Norella.—Thanks for your sympathy—your kind and cheery words. “Ianthé” will soon be published, revised, and lengthened—also the editor's other poems, including a drama he is now engaged upon.

H. Best.—The editor has a tale appearing under same title, and secured by copyright. Pray choose some other.

Con.—See tenth page in “Abel Avenged”—a dramatic tragedy just out.

Christine.—Remarkably good.

Heron.—Your simile is plagiarism *vide* Hood's “Hero and Leander”—

“Resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain.”

St. Paul.—You should see "The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays," by the Rev. H. P. Stokes.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"Daisy," by B. Cross; "Czar's Holy Russia," by W. E. R.; "Gone Home," by Sie; "Old Arm Chair," by E. Vie; "Flood," by P. S.; "War and Peace," by E. Ross; "With Angels," by Hero; "Away to Sea," by P. A.; "Pussie," by Old Maid; "Temple Bar," by Shipley; "My Mother's Picture," by Bertha A.; "Leeward," by Miss Chapman; "Faith," by M. A. T.

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